THE NATION

JUNE 9, 1962 . . 25c

Medicine Looks at Nuclear War

IS THERE a DOCTOR IN the RUBBLE?

Charles Flato

NON-WAR AND THE CONSTITUTION

Irving L. Horowitz

Letter to a U.S. Consul

HERESIES OF A WEST GERMAN

C. Amery

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LETTERS

American World Order

Dear Sirs: Carey McWilliams' article in the May 26 issue was magnificent. But, in today's world, this kind of talk will get you nowhere. What Eisenhower called the "military-industrial complex" has effective control over government policy. The press goes along. And the objective is a kind of American World Order—safe for American businessmen and to hell with the peasants. . . .

New Rochelle, N.Y. JOHN POND

Doctors Without Ethics?

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of May 19, "Rebels Without A Cause," clearly indicates the legal implications of the decision of certain New Jersey physicians to boycott elderly patients, should the King-Anderson Bill become law. . . . An element of every existing profession is an ethical code. The immorality of these physicians, as exemplified by their refusal to help the needy aged, repudiates this code and thus makes of the malcontents persons unworthy of membership in the profession.

GERALD AMADA
Rutgers University Graduate School of Social Work

New Brunswick, N.J.

Familiar Arguments?

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Rebels Without a Cause," has particular timeliness for us in Saskatchewan, where the medical profession has been bitterly opposing a comprehensive medical-care plan passed by the provincial legislature. In this connection the following letter, written to the Regina *Leader-Post* by Samuel Wolfe, M.D., one of the doctors who supports the plan, will interest your readers:

"Some, including the *Leader-Post*, have expressed concern over the universal coverage medical care program which is to commence on July 1, 1962.

"All of the following assertions have been made by those opposed to the principle of tax-supported universal coverage:

"*1.* It should be left to private enterprise, since public coverage would remove the enterprise and competition of individuals;

"*2.* If public funds are utilized, political bureaucracy will be rampant;

"*3.* A scheme of universal tax-supported coverage at the expense of the state is socialism;

"*4.* Universal tax-supported coverage will destroy initiative and ambition, and there will thus be a premium for comparative idleness, to be taken out of the pockets of the laborious and conscientious;

"*5.* Standards will be lowered;

"*6.* Governments should only concern themselves with coverage for the needy, and creating or sustaining such coverage for all classes is beyond the province and power of governments;

"*7.* Governments cannot provide for the necessities of people;

"*8.* Universal tax-supported coverage is foreign to our country;

"*9.* Requiring people to pay under universal coverage is dangerous, and there is no confidence in compulsory equalizations;

"*10.* If all are covered through tax-supported funds, languor, decay and discontent will ensue.

"All of the foregoing are taken from statements made in the United States 132 years ago, in 1830, by opponents of tax-supported education for all children within the population. The statements are from an article published in the Philadelphia *National Gazette* at the time." ARTHUR E. BAUGHEN

Maryfield, Sask., Canada

Omission

Dear Sirs: We were disappointed that in your partial list of major magazines [May 19 issue] now being published by students or junior faculty members you did not include *Northwest Review*, which is entirely edited by graduate assistants and half-time instructors at the University of Oregon.

EDWARD VAN AELSTYN
Editor, *Northwest Review*

Eugene, Ore.

That Anti-Missile Again

Dear Sirs: Permit me to comment upon your editorial, "The Illogic of Hypocrisy" [May 5 issue] in which you criticize the President's decision to resume nuclear testing. . . . Your assumption that our admitted probable *quantitative* superiority in nuclear weaponry proves that we can afford to cease testing regardless of the Soviets is erroneous. It is entirely conceivable that the side which tests might make a *qualitative* breakthrough that would not only wipe out an opponent's quantitative advantage but might even have the further effect of conferring upon the side having knowledge of the breakthrough the ability to win (in the classical sense) a nuclear war, rather than merely to initiate the process of mutual destruction (as is probably the case right now). Such a breakthrough, for example, might come in the area of the anti-missile missile which, if effective, would enable the system's possessor to initiate a successful first strike and moreover — and this is the crucial factor — would enable this aggressor to repel the opponent's return strike. DAVID B. SIMPSON

New York City

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

He Poisoned the Well

For every major break in the stock market, a scapegoat must be found; no less a figure than Charles Dow launched the theory by saying that some "great event" always triggers the collapse. President Hoover blamed the failure of the Kreditanstalt in Austria; in this view, the 1929 market crash and the ensuing depression were a contagion which came to the United States from Europe. But a man makes a better scapegoat than an event; it was Hoover in the thirties, it is Kennedy now. "Kennedy Scored on Stock Decline," reads *The New York Times* headline; the *World-Telegram and Sun* echoes, "Market's Tumble Blamed on Kennedy." A "veteran broker" is quoted: "He poisoned the well of investor confidence and now they're all afraid to drink out of it." And of course Kennedy's accomplices, his "college brain-trusters," are equally guilty. Senator Barry Goldwater told the Senate that "New Frontier Democrats" should crack the whip on their "wagon leader" and "make him stop interfering with business." He adjured the President to "send his economic experts back to college campuses and rely more on business advice." At the annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, Pittsburgh Steel's president, Allison R. Maxwell, Jr., blasted Kennedy for heading us "toward a form of socialism in which the pretense of private property is retained while, in fact, prices, wages, production and distribution are dictated by bureaucrats."

That was the principal theme, both of the Republican scapegoat hunters in Congress and their colleagues in Wall Street. The President has wooed business, flirted with it, proposed marriage, and curbed it only when it was a matter of desperate necessity. By putting the communications-satellite program into the hands of a privately owned corporation, he has presented Big Business with a giveaway that dwarfs Dixon-Yates and may ultimately reach the proportions of Teapot Dome — and it is perfectly legal. And even as Big Business bleeds and cries piteously, "Marse, don't hit me no more," the papers carry the news that the Federal Aviation Agency has awarded the first large contracts for a *commercial* supersonic airliner that may cost billions before it is operational — all at the expense of American taxpayers, most of whom will never ride in it.

It is quite possible that Mr. Kennedy's handling of steel, by highlighting the Administration's much ballyhooed campaign to "fight inflation," helped to drive home the idea that the governmental environment was no longer as inflationary as it had been. The stock market does thrive on a generally inflationary atmosphere — what is a stock-market boom except an inflation in securities? The Administration had assured the country that it was non-inflationary, but business and the country never quite believed it till Mr. Kennedy had his showdown with Roger Blough.

But the theory that the President ruined the market when he forced Mr. Blough to disgorge the steel-price increase before he had had time to swallow it is what Walter Lippmann calls a piece of partisan mythology. The bear market began on March 16 and it was not until April 11 that Mr. Blough was so brutally manhandled. Even then, the confidence of business was not utterly blasted until the week beginning May 21, and it was not until May 28 ("Black Monday") that the uncontrollable gyrations began.

If Wall Street and its Republican friends must have a scapegoat, *The Nation* has a piece of advice for them. In 1957, the average ratio of stock prices to earnings was 12. In 1962, it was 22 — almost double. But there were price-earnings ratios of popular stocks which reached truly fantastic levels — Xerox, 122; Polaroid, 115; Hewlett-Packard, 100; Texas Instruments, 87; and IBM, a real blue chip, 80. Even during the week before Memorial Day, most of these ratios stood above 40. Nevertheless, innumerable Wall Street touts were urging small investors to buy, and there were no protests from the Republicans. If they want a scapegoat, let them look inward.

'A Torpor Akin to Funk'

If we recognize that the scapegoat theory is of utility so limited as to be almost useless, we can go on to more sensible hypotheses. *The Wall Street Journal* points out that Charles Dow also observed that though a "great event" may trigger the cataclysm, "a trigger sets off a reaction only when the ingredients are there to react." What, then, are the ingredients of the bear market which began March 16—and which would prove to have been

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extraordinarily brief if it really touched bottom on May 28.

The first thing to be said is that, in a more or less free economy, a bear market in stocks, or even an industrial depression, is no more abnormal than a boom. The one presupposes the other. Since World War II, we have been experiencing a succession of recessions and recoveries. A recession differs from a depression only in degree — and semantically. The possibility of a depression may be shut out of mass consciousness, but it always exists. When George M. Humphrey resigned as Secretary of the Treasury exactly five years ago because he found the Eisenhower budgets too high, he warned that continued government spending could produce a depression that "would curl your hair." The diagnosis may have been wrong, but Mr. Humphrey's words are never to be taken lightly. We are not yet in a depression and there may not be one, but the fact that such a responsible authority could envision it shows that it is a factor to be reckoned with under the conditions which now exist.

These conditions have been outlined in a timely paper, "Can the 1960's Be Prosperous?" by Paul W. McCracken, in the May, 1962, *Michigan Business Review*. Mr. McCracken is Professor of Business Conditions at the University of Michigan. He was a member of Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, 1956-59. That, and the fact that his paper was presented at the Conference on Labor-Management and Capital Planning in March, well before the market break, may entitle him to a respectful hearing. Mr. McCracken believes that the sixties can be prosperous, but the faults he finds with the current state of things make the short-term outlook seem exceedingly dubious. Since 1957, he points out, the growth rate has been "below par," so much so as to raise doubts about the "basic vitality" of the economy. In fact, our economic performance has been "somewhat sluggish" for the past six years. The "pervasive sweep" of this sluggishness has made us "a bit nervous." The mood is one which, in a review of a recent book by Barbara Ward, is described as "a kind of bewildered torpor, a torpor akin to funk." The affluent society is not so affluent. "The writers about our affluent, saturated society," Mr. McCracken growls, "may be riding around between tail fins, and grimly worrying about their inability to think of more things they might buy. This is not, however, a good characterization, or even a good caricature, of the average American family — which is more apt to be riding in a six-year-old, well-worn and rusted vehicle whose 50,000 miles leave it the equivalent of only one cosmic loop behind Colonel Glenn."

The Michigan University economist thinks that the tax burden may be too heavy and that "we may well be in danger of having the present recovery tackled from the rear by a budget situation whose drag on the economy is nonetheless powerful because it is not very visible." He calls for a policy under which federal outlays would grow only as rapidly as national income can be expected to increase—3 or 4 per cent a year. Taxes should be lowered so that federal expenditures do not absorb a growing proportion of the national income. But then what becomes of the arms race?

Mr. McCracken's remedies may not all be sound or practicable, but anyone reading his discourse is apt to come to the conclusion (1) that the stock market had cogent reasons for taking a nose dive, (2) that the end is not yet, and (3) that the soothsayers who, as in 1929-30, reiterate that the economy is "fundamentally sound" are right only in the sense that we have the resources, the market and the capacity to produce—if we can learn to use them.

The Politics of Science

Carey McWilliams' "Time for a New Politics" (*The Nation*, May 26) applies with triple force to our management, or lack of management, of science. Federal money now supports about two-thirds of all research and development in the United States. This year the government is spending over $10 billion; next year it will be $12 billion. This stupendous sum — some three times President Hoover's *total* budget — is distributed on a catch-as-catch-can basis, with military R & D absorbing well over half of the total. *Science* (May 25) complains that "There has been nothing resembling a master plan to guide this growth, nor has any responsible observer suggested that one is desirable or possible." The Congressmen who have the final say are the most bewildered of all. On the eve of Scott Carpenter's orbital flight, NASA's share, $3,742,162,000, whizzed through with a whoop and a holler. Said Representative H. R. Gross (R., Iowa): "I have no detailed knowledge of the justification for the huge spending in this bill, and I doubt that very many Members do. . . . But it would be my hope that if and when we do get to the moon, we will find a gold mine there because we will certainly need it." In the end, Mr. Gross voted for the appropriation "on faith," as he expressed it.

But whose faith? And with what hope that the American people, much less humanity, will benefit? These orbital spectaculars generate an atmosphere in which NASA might just as well double its requests, or triple them. And undoubtedly it will do just that. In the meantime, an Engineers Joint Council Committee headed by Dr. J. Herbert Holloman, newly appointed Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Science and Technology, reports that the basic engineering needs (that's just engineering, which we may assume will still fall short of the human needs) of urban congestion, traffic, smog, housing, water pollution and noise control are

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being neglected. The committee, staffed by leading engineers at universities and in industry, is certainly not inclined to take a radical view, but it concludes that government gives only minimal support to research work unrelated to "defense." It calls for a better evaluation of R & D expenditures, research on new energy systems, more efficient exploitation of domestic oil, gas and coal resources, increased hospital productivity by increasing support to coordinated work by physicians acquainted with engineering and engineers acquainted with medicine, and other worthy aims. But all these recommendations will only gather dust if continuous pressure is not kept up to get some order into an unkempt and dangerous situation.

There are a few bright spots. *Science* quotes a remark by an acquaintance of the late Rep. Overton Brooks (D., La.), former chairman of the Science and Astronautics Committee, that Mr. Brooks was "an eighteenth-century bayou politician trying to deal with twentieth-century science." His successor, George P. Miller of California, is doing much better, despite his seventy-one years. But the problem is of much broader scope than can be encompassed by effort in any one sector. "If the United States is to fashion an effective policy toward nuclear weapons and other products of the scientific revolution," Robert Gilpin writes, "the scientist has to be utilized in a far more realistic manner than has been the case so far" (*American Scientists and Nuclear Weapons Policy*, Princeton U. Press). That is one of the tasks of the new politics, and not the least.

Food for the Chinese

There are two general attitudes toward Red China among Americans. One is a counterrevolutionary obsession which rejoices in the starvation of millions, in the hope that the Red regime will be overthrown. This ghoulish anticipation is understandable in a Chiang Kai-shek and his followers; they live on prospective calamities. The traditional American sentiment is expressed by Walter Lippmann: "Few if any among us are willing to exploit [Chinese] misery as a weapon in the political conflict." But then the question arises: should we offer food, or insist on a request by the Chinese Government? At his press conference, the President clearly invited a request.

But we could offer food unofficially, informally, even without a request. A Seattle firm recently applied for a license to export American grain to China; the application was rejected. The case can be reopened. Overtures can be made through the Red Cross. There are indirect diplomatic channels which can be used, and a direct connection in Warsaw. The problem is not insuperable.

The recent strange behavior of the Red authorities opposite Hong Kong may be the Chinese way of requesting food. First they flooded the British enclave with refugees who, all observers agree, were not suffering from malnutrition, but did express fear of a famine in the months ahead. Then the flood was abruptly shut off. It is to the interest of the West to keep the Chinese in China. Not all the nations on earth can accommodate any sizable fraction of them, even if the doors were opened — which is pure fantasy. It is to everyone's interest to reduce tensions. We are teetering on the brink of war in Southeast Asia, and famine in China will increase, not decrease, the chances of an outbreak. Soldiers never starve. George McGovern, director of the food-for-peace program, said recently that sending surplus food to Red China is "a lot more possible today than it was a year ago." James McCartney of the Chicago *Daily News* Service says that McGovern "believes that food for Red China might be a useful weapon in trying to alleviate cold-war tensions." "Weapon" is perhaps an unfortunate word, but the terminology is not important. The President should act, as quietly as possible, and as quickly as possible. And without asking permission of Chiang Kai-shek.

MEDICINE LOOKS AT NUCLEAR WAR

IS THERE a DOCTOR in the RUBBLE?.. *Charles Flato*

Boston

WHILE President Kennedy and the American Medical Association continued trading punches over the medical-care program for the aged, a group of Boston doctors concerned themselves with another medicare problem — the possibility of providing medical services in the event of a thermonuclear war.

Taking the 1959 Holifield Committee estimate of the effect of a "mild" (10-bomb, 56-megaton) attack on the State of Massachusetts and the committee count of casualties in that state (2,800,000 dead, 2,000,000 injured) as their yardstick, the doctors have taken a look at the medical consequences, in terms of the kinds of injuries (chiefly burns, trauma, radiation sickness) and their severity, the number of physicians who will be alive and uninjured to take care of the maimed, the number of hospital beds that will be available, the drugs that will be needed.

Their conclusions, which appear in

CHARLES FLATO is a medical journalist in the Boston area.

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the May 31 issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, are far from reassuring. Even if the attack is restricted to a 56-megaton single strike — unlikely in view of the production of 100-megaton bombs — medical services will virtually be wiped out.

¶Only 1,980 physicians out of the state's 9,440 will escape death or serious injury. Each surviving and functioning physician will have to take care of between 1,000 and 1,700 patients, depending on where he is during the postattack period. "The consequences of a ratio of 1,000 or 1,700 acutely injured persons to 1 physician," the authors of the report comment, "are made clear when one examines the immediate postattack situation in greater detail. If the physician were to spend only ten minutes on diagnosis and treatment of each injured patient, and if he worked only twenty hours every day, it would require eight to fourteen days before every injured patient could be seen for the first time."

¶Fewer than 10,000 hospital beds of the state's more than 56,000 will be available, practically all of them out of the blast and fire-storm area. Moreover, most of them are now occupied by psychiatric patients. "Although these hospitals are poorly equipped to deal with traumatic injury and radiation sickness," the authors point out, "the beds will be needed. It will be necessary to displace their current occupants. If large numbers of psychiatric patients — many of them unable to care for themselves under normal social circumstances — are released, the consequences will be difficult to predict."

"Just one more shot — and then on the wagon again."

¶At best, the drugs now stockpiled by Civil Defense authorities will take care of no more than 15 per cent of the needs of the injured. Drugs and other medical supplies now in hospitals and wholesale drug warehouses, the authors assume, largely will be destroyed since they are in prime target areas. In addition, they point out, many of the drugs that will be critically needed — such as penicillin and the broad spectrum antibiotics, as well as antitoxins — lose their potency in from three to five years. "Furthermore," the report observes, "narcotics, one of the most essential groups of drugs in the care of seriously injured casualties, have not been stockpiled at all in Massachusetts."

¶The breakdown of elementary sanitation could result in epidemics of massive proportions. Since bacterial and fungal carriers of epidemic diseases are able to withstand radiation injury better than humans, it is considered likely that diseases such as encephalitis, hepatitis and poliomyelitis will become rampant. "The radiation," it is explained, "might also cause new mutant forms of bacteria and viruses, some of which could be highly infective in the absence of immune defenses. Furthermore, the lessening of host resistance by radiation exposure, malnutrition, excessive fatigue and severe emotional stress would render human beings susceptible to bacteria or fungi that are not normally invasive."

¶The hazard of the dead to the living following the attack will be the most difficult of all public-health problems to be coped with. Civil Defense authorities will be faced with disposing of 2,800,000 corpses, about 2,110,000 in Boston alone. "Prompt disposal of corpses will be essential for many reasons," the report comments. "Some of the public health problems are obvious — for example, the need for control of epidemic disease and its vectors, flies and rodents. An equally important, though less apparent, reason is psychological. There is evidence that profound emotional disorders and somatic manifestations follow the sight and smell of decomposing bodies."

The foregoing are highlights of the articles in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Is there an answer to the medical problems associated with a thermonuclear attack?

"In our opinion," a spokesman for the physician group told the writer, "the only effective therapy for a thermonuclear attack is to prevent it."

THE PHYSICIANS who prepared the report, most of whom are on the faculty of the Harvard Medical School and the Harvard School of Public Health, are members of an organization, Physicians for Social Responsibility, formed about a year ago to alert the medical profession to the medical, as well as the ethical, consequences of thermonuclear war and weapons testing. The organization was started in Boston, but now has members throughout the country. Its major activities to date have been research projects and the dissemination of their scientific findings to other physicians. Like similar professional groups opposed to the thermonuclear-arms race, notably the Committee on Public Information of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the editors of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, the organization of physicians also feels it has an obligation to inform the lay public of what the medical sequelae of a thermonuclear war would be.

In the current report, the authors emphasize that their calculations of the medical consequences of a limited, 1959-style attack are based on estimates of destruction laid down by official bodies, including the Atomic Energy Commission. A twenty to thirty minutes' warning is assumed, as well as a single strike, so that fallout, fire and the other bomb effects will diminish relatively sooner than they would following multiple strikes. The general availability of individual or community fallout shelters meeting official standards is also assumed.

"It should be noted," the report comments, "that such an attack, considered realistic in 1959, could be

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greatly exceeded in the light of recent weapons developments."

Nevertheless, they say that the deaths and injuries that will be caused by blast, thermal and radiation effects in even a "mild" attack will be stupendous, especially from fire-storms. In addition to the already indicated high death toll that will take place within the 16- to 21-mile radius of the center of the attack, the major medical problems facing the few physicians who will manage to survive

> . . . will include large numbers of patients with the following: blast injuries, lacerations of soft tissues and fractures; thermal injuries, with surface burns, retinal burns and respiratory-tract damage; and radiation injuries, including acute radiation syndrome and delayed effects. Substantial numbers of patients will present infectious disease owing to lowered resistance and epidemic outbreaks; others will suffer psychologic breakdowns consequent to fear, grief and trauma. In addition, the physician must deal with such pre-existing medical conditions as diabetes mellitus, hypertension and cancer.

Burn injuries will, it is thought, exceed those from the effects of blast and radiation. The authors doubt whether they can be treated with any hope of success:

> Optimal therapy for serious burns requires sedation, oxygen administration and large intravenous infusions of fluids, electrolytes and plasma expanders. . . .
>
> Antiobiotics, tetanus prophylaxis and local wound care will also be necessary. Even if the individual physician is well instructed in the modern care of serious burns, it is difficult to see how he will cope with hundreds of such patients at once when he is lacking the most essential diagnostic and therapeutic facilities.

FURTHER, the report asks how the physician will be able to identify and rationally treat the many other expected injuries—such as the rupture of internal organs, fractures, penetrating wounds of the skull and thorax, as well as infections, without X-ray and other commonly used diagnostic facilities. "The question is important," the authors state, "since decisions will have to be made to abandon the care of many. Patients with fatal or nearly fatal injuries may be neglected to make care available to more salvageable ones, and primary attention may be assigned to those who have the greatest possibility of survival."

Decisions such as this, the authors comment, raise a number of unprecedented ethical problems for the physician:

> When faced with hundreds of severely injured patients, how does the physician select those to be treated first? How does he choose between saving the lives of the few and easing the pain of the many? How does he allocate limited supplies of narcotics and analgesics?
>
> Neither the Hippocratic Oath, the published codes of ethics of the American Medical Association nor the personal morality on which every physician relies provides an easy answer to these questions. In fact, a review of these trusted and cherished guides in the light of the problems of thermonuclear war makes them seem curiously and sadly obsolete, as if they reflected the human innocence of an earlier era.

DEPENDING on the wind direction and other factors, many persons beyond the 16- to 21-mile radius may, the report continues, be exposed to lethal doses of radiation. Those able to reach fallout shelters in time and able to survive in them for the requisite several weeks, will generally be spared. However, many will be unable to reach shelters because of blindness produced at the instant of the explosion. Many who reach shelters will have already been highly irradiated; if they do not suffer acute radiation sickness, they will in any case be subject to the long-term somatic and genetic effects of irradiation. The long-term effects will be a great increase in such conditions as neoplasia, stillbirths and congenital malformations in succeeding generations.

The provision of fully available and effective fallout shelters will, the authors point out, radically alter the patient-physician ratio situation:

> Under these circumstances, there will be *no* functioning physicians outside shelters in the immediate post-attack period, but the injured-to-physician ratio will be considerably improved two weeks or more later, when physicians emerge from their shelters, since large numbers of the injured will have died in the interim.

The authors of the report make it clear that the medical experience gained in earlier disasters, including the A-bomb attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, is not applicable to thermonuclear war:

> To reason from these models to thermonuclear war is to make the assumption that the problems of H-bomb warfare will be quantitatively greater, but qualitatively similar, to those of earlier disasters. This usually unstated assumption implies that since we have survived other catastrophies we will survive now — under any circumstances — if we only plan carefully enough. The present article demonstrates that thermonuclear war will differ in size and nature from anything in previous experience.

The type, timing and magnitude of the attack, the authors continue, also will determine the size and character of the postattack medical-care problem:

> There are so many variables and so many imponderables in the complex equation of thermonuclear war that one can reach almost any conclusion by choosing appropriate assumptions. The primary responsibility of the physician to the medical community and the public, therefore, is neither to offer sweeping and uncritical reassurances or to cry doom, but rather to define and study the consequences of a specific possible attack. . . . It is deeply misleading, therefore, to speak of any single disaster plan as a secure answer to the hazards of thermonuclear war. It is deeply misleading to focus on radiation shelters while ignoring the problems of blast and fire-storm.

The report of the Boston group, which is in the highest tradition of the physicians' dual role as scientist and citizen, issues a stern prescription in conclusion:

> Since it is impossible to prepare adequately for every possible type of nuclear attack, the physician's responsibility goes beyond mere disaster planning. Physicians, charged with the responsibility for the lives of their patients and the health of their communities, must also explore a new area of preventive medicine, the prevention of thermonuclear war.

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SALAN GETS AWAY WITH IT . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

ALMOST EVERYONE in Paris had expected Salan to be sentenced to death. Since Jouhaud, his second-in-command, had been given the death sentence a month before, it seemed contrary to the most elementary common sense to let Salan get away with it. Life imprisonment is no doubt a heavy sentence, but with all the various amnesties that are bound to accompany the "final settlement" of the Algerian problem, this sentence is almost equal to an acquittal.

The verdict is really fantastic when you come to think of it. In his brief statement to the Special Military Tribunal which tried him, Salan had declared himself to be "the Chief of the OAS" and said that he was taking full responsibility for all its actions. And what actions! About 3,000 people are estimated to have been murdered by the OAS in the last few months—mostly Moslems, among them countless women and children; but also a considerable number of Europeans, including anti-Fascist lawyers and doctors, as well as high-ranking officials, soldiers, gendarmes and policemen loyal to the French central government. In France itself, the OAS had been guilty of numerous murders, too; hundreds of people had, moreover, been injured, including a small child who had been blinded by flying glass. Latterly, attempts had been made to blow up railway trains, and at least two plots to assassinate de Gaulle were discovered just in time.

For all this, Salan took responsibility. Nevertheless, he was granted "extenuating circumstances."

THOSE who attended the trial, or who followed it very closely, were not altogether surprised at the verdict. Almost from beginning to end, the trial had been sidetracked. Apart from the indictment and the prosecutor's speech, it has been reckoned that not even 5 per cent of the time devoted to the discussions had anything whatever to do with the crimes committed by the OAS under the command of Raoul Salan. The high lights of the trial were not these crimes, but a lot of washing of dirty linen in public which had very little to do with Salan's activities during the last year. The old "bazooka affair" was revived—that is, the attempt made in 1957 to assassinate Salan who, as Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, was then considered by the Algerian ultras as a "spineless Republican."

Practically all the witnesses appeared for the defense. There was an overwhelming procession of high-ranking officers and generals in full regalia, every one of whom had a good word to say for Salan. Many of them ostentatiously saluted the man in the dock or shook hands with him, making it perfectly clear that, to them, he was still part of the Establishment—a man who had, perhaps, been misguided, but who had done what he had done out of a boundless love of his country.

Algemeen Handelsblad

Pirates on the French coast.

Perhaps things would have gone a little differently if, for instance, that little four-year-old girl blinded by an OAS explosion outside M. Malraux's house in February had been produced. But nobody seemed to bother about the victims of the OAS.

INSTEAD, the defense, headed by that Fascist firebrand, M. Tixier-Vignancour, managed brilliantly (a) to work up the maximum emotion about those poor Europeans in Algeria (killers and all) who were now being driven from their home country and (b) to turn the trial of Salan into a trial of de Gaulle. For who, in 1958, had uttered those historic words to the Europeans of Algeria: "I have understood you!" (*"Je vous ai compris!"*); who had spoken at Mostaganem of "L'Algérie française"; who, in 1960, had assured the Army that it would fight till final victory over the FLN but de Gaulle himself? It was all very well for a political leader like de Gaulle to change his mind, to do a lot of double-thinking. But a soldier was a soldier; in 1958 de Gaulle had ordered Salan to defend French Algeria, and it was no use expecting a soldier to follow a politician in his tortuous course. To Salan, de Gaulle had gone back on his word.

Other witnesses were produced who tried to show, contrary to what is generally believed, that around May 25, 1958, de Gaulle had not done his best to prevent a paratroop landing in Paris but had, on the contrary, considered it as a regrettable, but perhaps inevitable move, and had given Salan a free hand. That, indeed, appears to be the meaning of the statement made before the court by General Dulac, who had been Salan's second-in-command in Algeria at that time.

In short, everything was done by the generals who appeared in court to compromise de Gaulle, and also to show him up as the man whose policy had made the OAS revolt both legitimate and inevitable. All this created a very odd atmosphere in the court — so odd that, in his final speech, the prosecutor would not use the word "death" but used instead a curious circumlocution: he asked for an "irrevocable sentence."

WHO then was the court, whose members de Gaulle had so carefully selected? They were three generals, an admiral, a former ambassador, a member of the Academy and three magistrates. Of these, at least four were members of the military Establishment, and some others were obviously in sympathy with it. The information has, indeed, leaked out that the sentence was decided by a five-to-four vote (in the case of Jouhaud, only four, not five, had voted for "extenuating circumstances"). I

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am not suggesting that the vote on Salan's fate was influenced by the threats sent to the members of the court by the OAS; and yet, is this to be entirely excluded?

Of one thing, however, there can be little doubt: the "old school tie" had had something to do with the sentence. On the day after the verdict, *le Monde* did not mince its words: it spoke of a "class verdict" passed by a "class court" in which the Army caste had screamed its defiance at de Gaulle.

It is reported in Paris that when de Gaulle heard of the verdict, he was livid with fury; it deprived him of the possibility of either confirming or canceling the death sentence. Which would he have done? My guess is that he would have allowed Salan to be executed: first, in order to teach the military caste a lesson; second, to assert his own authority against the OAS; third, to make himself popular with the leaders of the New Algeria and so lay the foundations for a happier Franco-Algerian collaboration.

Of course, I may be all wrong: perhaps he would have hesitated to have a general shot, which would have annoyed the military Establishment; and yet the behavior of the generals who testified for Salan pointed to such an unhealthy state of mind among a large part of the Army that de Gaulle was not likely to miss this unique opportunity of teaching them a lesson. He also knew that the French people as a whole would have welcomed such firmness.

Now de Gaulle is in a very awkward spot — so awkward that he must feel strongly tempted to have at least Jouhaud shot. But, after what has happened to Salan, this would no longer make much sense.

LETTER TO A U.S. CONSUL

HERESIES of a WEST GERMAN . . *by C. Amery*

Munich

Dear Sir: On May 7, I signed my name to a letter protesting the resumption of nuclear testing by the United States, and I went to deliver it at your office together with a few other delegates of several German peace organizations. As you were out of town, I imagine that the following report is of some interest to you.

To a detached observer, the whole thing must have been rather funny. We met in front of the university —twenty-five inconspicuous citizens amidst colorful hordes of students. From there, we walked to your office building. Of course, we did not plan to take it by storm; only five of us, representing the five organizations which had signed, were scheduled to enter. (Your German is a meek fellow, as you know, and will always buy a ticket before storming a railroad station—quite unlike Tom Paine, the Wobblies and other heroes of your own American tradition.) Our orderly intentions stood in vivid contrast to the scene before your office building: the area was bristling with prowl cars and plainclothesmen (about four to one of us, the usual ratio in guerrilla warfare, I am told), and even inside the very modern lobby of your building, gentlemen with broad shoulders gave us the critical eye as we marched up to the reception desk. The German reception girl was nervous, but firm; she told us that you, Sir, your aide and, obviously, all other Americans amounting to anything were out of town, and that she, the receptionist, was empowered to receive our letter.

THAT WAS all. We went away, the pleasantly excited typists took their noses from the plate-glass windows and went back to their chores. A possible menace to German-American friendship had been averted.

It would be silly of me to claim that I felt like a detached observer. One cannot help feeling a little angry in a situation like this. Besides, we recalled, with a certain nostalgia, the day last fall when our delegation had entered the Russian Embassy at Bonn to protest the Russian test resumption. There, our delegation talked with the First and the Second Secretaries of the Embassy for forty minutes. There was no rapprochement of views, naturally—but, after all, even an outward show of being taken seriously has it charms.

Please do not believe, Sir, that this mention of Russian behavior is intended as some sort of political blackmail. Ugly scenes in front of U.S. consulates *do* happen, and your office building, having been erected by a very modern Munich architect, sports too much plate glass for a vivid exchange of views. Besides, you are probably not on the "policy-making level," and for the policy-making level, the German Minister of Defense, F. J. Strauss, Western "strength" and the corresponding *Weltanschauung* count a lot more than the Committee Against Nuclear Arms or the War Resisters' International. This is why we are in the doghouse and deserve the attention of plainclothesmen, while our generals celebrate German-American Friendship Week.

BUT WHILE these things do happen on the policy-making level, it does not mean that the gentlemen from the German Ministry of Defense necessarily make more suitable partners for a political discussion with an American than we. As I believe in such a discussion, and as you were out of town on the date mentioned, permit me to make my little contribution to German-American exchange by this letter.

Being a German, I feel constrained to start with a historical point. Sixteen years ago, an interesting experiment took place among the German POWs in American camps. Part of that experiment was the re-education center at Fort Getty; another

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part was the weekly *Der Ruf*. This experiment was very successful. Among the men of Fort Getty, among the editors of *Der Ruf*, a solidarity was formed which has never disappeared. And today—it is important to see this—the greater part of these men belong to the German Left, the *real* German Left, and are in opposition to the official champions of German-American "friendship" in this country.

Why should this be so? Because, as I said, Fort Getty and re-education was a partial success—much more of a success, in fact, than is good for the "policy-making level." The policy-making level has tilted into another direction since that time; it has been adjusted—willingly or unwillingly, I would not know—to a course favoring the unregenerate classes of the German bourgeoisie, the very groups that have been left untainted and uncorrupted by re-education. As we are successful products of that re-education, we, the independent German Left, cannot possibly adjust.

There are two reasons, however, why America should not cease to discuss with us, even when we are in the official doghouse: First, we were educated to find freedom absolutely essential—as essential as the bread you eat, the air you breathe; second, in this feeling, we are alone in Germany except for a section of the German workers.

We shall never forget that we owe to America an essential part of this desire for freedom. We differ from you, however, on the methods to be employed to defend that freedom. We feel that some of these methods endanger freedom itself. And, above all, we *know* that you picked the wrong partners to defend it.

IT IS probable, Sir, that this notion may have struck you before. I remember the years around 1950, when there was still some attempt by Americans to utilize the "graduates" of Fort Getty for German-American "understanding." I was invited to a cocktail party at which the emerging German busybodies cut a horrible figure, radiating officialdom and delivering speeches which were as long-winded as they were meaningless. I imagine that not much has changed, since then. Possibly the German cocktail-party guests have become a little more clever at handling the American wisecrack and limiting the length of their addresses; on the other hand, they probably have become a little cockier and more self-assured. (I would not know; I cut myself out from that circuit.) Anyway, I can imagine that around six o'clock, when the faces get redder and the martinis have done their job, a tiny horror strikes you when you look at them all—a vague but insistent idea that these are not the champions of liberty, not the defenders of inalienable rights, not the partisans of everything we hold dear.

Believe me: they are not.

I DO not mean that they are all bad characters. Some are; but some are as upright as their opposite numbers in the United States. Freedom, unfortunately, must be defended by good and bad characters alike. In Europe, during the Nazi occupation, it was defended by horse and sheep thieves, by snobs with rolled-up umbrellas, by Marxist workers, by petty bourgeois with three wives and by horrible, flint-hearted farmers. In Budapest and Warsaw, in 1956, it was defended by snooty intellectuals and by teen-age muggers in leather jackets. Freedom is not a matter of character, but an almost biological urge—which you feel or don't feel.

Similarly, I do not mean that the concept of freedom is foreign to Germany. It exists, all right; and, where it exists, it is a very profound and precious concept. *Freiheit,* in Germany, is something very poetic or very philosophical—or both. But that's the trouble. An educated German who has arrived at the concept of philosophical or religious or poetic freedom is, usually, a very impeccable German; but politically he is all thumbs, because his concept is too flawless and too intricate to be entrusted to the gladiators in the political arena. Such a German shudders at the thought of committee work, of canvasing voters, of endless haggling at conference tables and of struggling up through a hierarchy of party hacks. The result—our present committees and party hierarchies—we have before us.

Grimmings: Daily Express (London)

And this is why our practical politicians, our German go-getters, have such a tenuous relationship to domestic freedom. They do not despise it; but it is no living force in the business at hand. Somebody like Defense Minister Strauss can claim, quite truthfully, that he is up there because nobody thought seriously of keeping him down and that, therefore, he is among God's chosen. Being among God's chosen implies that he knows what's good for us. This is a common characteristic of all our political bosses, whether they belong to the ruling party or to the "opposition": *they all know what's good for us*. Consequently, anybody questioning their basic policies must be abetting the enemy. This is why they all, Christian Democratic and Social Democratic hierarchies alike, are so suspicious of really democratic movements—movements coming up from the grass roots. They cannot imagine that anybody of sound mind can contribute time and/or money to such movements unless he is in the pay of the enemy. And friend Ulbricht across the Elbe helps by trying to take over these movements via his agents or fellow travelers, or through financial channels.

WHERE does that leave us—the independent German Left? It leaves us between the Red devil and the deep blue Atlantic sea; between the constant suspicion of our "democratic" hierarchies and the constant financial and organizational wooing of the fellow travelers. Yet all we really want to do is to apply the lesson we were taught by the Ameri-

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cans in that postwar re-education to which we were subjected.

What is that lesson? It is the old Western, Atlantic, American lesson that domestic freedom comes first, and alone guarantees freedom from enemy domination. The precarious state of domestic freedom in West Germany does not allow the maintenance of a huge military machine (above all, the maintenance of a nuclear-war machine); and the West, as a whole, should judge its every move, in the cold war or otherwise, on the basis of whether or not it favors the growth of its heritage of freedom.

This is why we have to oppose your "official" policy—we and a part of the German workers, plus some of the old conservatives who, as I have said, believe in freedom as a precious philosophical or religious concept. The consequence of all this is that the American official in Germany has lost touch with the one and only group to whom "freedom" means the same, and means as much, as it does to the politically conscious citizen of his own country.

In 1948, I went to the United States as one of the first German exchange students. Ninety-five per cent of the German cops who came to your aid when we visited your consulate on May 7 would not have been allowed into your country. You know why. Today, they are your mighty shield against us political beatniks. It helps, of course, that we are not too many. It helps that we, as a group, proved too lazy or too short-tempered to keep up with the cocktail circuit. This was, and is, our fault. Now, of course, it is too late, and we would be kept out of the cocktail lounge even if we tried to get in.

But some day, Sir, if the tiny little doubt I described above should creep up on you—if you should question the Atlantic value of your sponsorship of a German-American Ladies' Club *nockerl*-making contest, or your presence at the opening of a German society event—it may be a consolation to you that somebody on the outside is flattening his nose against the window pane and knows you are there as *unter Larven, die einzige fühlende Brust* ("Among masks, the only feeling breast"), as the German poet says.

Someday, when you are not out of town, we could continue this discussion.

NON-WAR and the CONSTITUTION . . *Irving L. Horowitz*

ONE OF the truly significant and, strange to say, least examined aspects of the present allocation of American military force to Southeast Asia is the political philosophy which seems to underline it. Discussion is centered on the *advisability* of direct military intervention in Laos and Vietnam; but to date few, if any, have raised the question of its *constitutionality*. Executive power has now turned as never before on the capacities of the President to "make an Executive policy" independent of, and even in defiance of, legislative opposition or hesitation.

"Emergency Executive powers" are taken—not asked for. The main rubric employed is the concept of "paramilitary operations," which can be defined as political warfare by military means. And since such paramilitary operations function through agencies of Executive power, such as the Department of State, and subagencies such as the Central Intelligence Agency, the potential for any sort of Congressional check is severely curtailed. Indeed, Congressional financial appropriations for paramilitary operations are most often made on a "blank check" basis, with the norms of security and secrecy invoked to prevent the asking of embarrassing questions.

IN cataloguing the grave abuses to the American people perpetrated by King George III of Great Britain, the colonial drafters of the Declaration of Independence state that "He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power." The burden of this is plain; namely, that in any democratic society the organs of military power are necessarily subject to the *vox populi*, to civil society as such.

That the colonialists took this grievance seriously is reflected in Section 8 of the Constitution, in which it is expressly stated that "The Congress shall have power . . . to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water." The next five clauses of Section 8 go on to reinforce the extensive power which the legislative branches of government have in relation to problems of war and peace. Presumably, the drafters and signatories of the Constitution were of the opinion that Congress was a more accurate guide to the needs of civil society on such matters than the President. In short, the fact that the President is entitled to consider himself Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces by no means gives him the power to wage warfare, or to contemplate same, by administrative fiat.

Unless one considers all talk of Constitutional guarantees and limitations to be purely academic in an era of *realpolitik*, it must soberly be asked what are the juridical rationalizations for the present commitment of American military personnel to combat zones. In such an examination, it is of little consequence to say that a direct Executive action, in the President's words "will make the chances of such a war [speaking of the Laotian situation] far less likely." A judgment like this, whether sound or not, already *assumes* that the allocation of military force is within the province of Executive

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power. That the judgment could be made with such casualness is indicative of how far we have come from the beliefs of Hamilton, Jay and Madison on the separation and balance of Executive, Legislative and Judicial lines of authority.

An important aspect of the problem inheres in the ambiguous nature of modern combat conditions. The dictionary provides clear enough guides as to what war is and what a condition of peace is, but the problem areas stand somewhere *between* these two. Executive authority has broadened to fill the void which exists in legal definitions of such modern phenomena as a "cold war," a "police action" or a "defensive action." That men in uniform fight and lose lives in such enterprises does not alter the legal fact that, in the absence of an appropriate binding statutory code, rule by administrative fiat has become an invariable, if not an inevitable, part of our lives.

WE MAY take as illustrative of the present Constitutional muddle the question of military expertise. What defines military involvement? Does the training of Cuban exiles in the military methods of the United States Army on United States soil constitute an "act of aggression"? Does the support of South Vietnamese troops in battle by means of flying them to combat zones in U.S. aircraft flown by United States servicemen constitute an "act of aggression"? Would the direct commitment of United States troops to the Laotian conflict (at the behest of the Laotian "government" of Boun Oum) constitute an "act of aggression"? Would the direct counter-commitment of Chinese Communist forces to the Laotian conflict (at the behest of the other Laotian "government" of Souphanouvong) constitute an "act of aggression"? Would the direct confrontation of United States and Chinese armed forces on Laotian soil require an act of Congress to formalize the hostilities, or would such a conflict be again defined as a "police action" as in Korea between 1950 and 1953?

These are by no means spurious issues. And the fact that such questions are not being *openly* asked in governmental circles underscores the likelihood that the drift to a war of annihilation can take place with or without juridical sanctions or Congressional mandates. The fact that it can no longer be decided whether the military is an arm of civil policy, or whether it is the other way around, reinforces the need for Congress to define its role in world affairs with greater precision than has heretofore been the case.

There are some—including advocates of unilateral disarmament, world government and a world-court system—who see the solution in elimination of all ambiguity by clear-cut, decisive actions and definitions of future actions. There are others, especially the self-styled saviors of Western democracy through "roll-back" and "first-strike," who see any "lags" between Executive decree and military implementation as dangerous. Both are perilously false alternatives; each is insupportable by the facts of social and political life.

IN THE first place, ambiguity is a *fact* of many areas of political struggle. One need only take account of the frictions among members of the Western Alliance (the NATO and SEATO countries) on one side, and the similar quarrels among signatories of the Warsaw Pact, to see that ambiguity is built into the present climate of polity and policy-making. This ambiguity serves a highly utilitarian purpose—namely, it prevents either side from a hasty or arbitrary settlement of grievances through resorting to thermonuclear warfare. As the game-theorists might express matters, it enables both sides to distinguish between a round and the decision as such; it makes possible the continuation of the dangerous game of covert conflict. To be sure, these delicate "terror-balances" are fraught with disaster at every shuffle of the political cards. None the less, in the absence of clear-cut political *facts* concerning national boundaries, spheres of influence, social systems, ideological credos, etc., it would be Utopian fancy to expect an unambiguous set of theories that would be applicable to the ground rules of war and peace.

But the greatest present danger comes from those false "conservatives" who see the present drift to armed conflict as a supreme mission of the Western Alliance. Indeed, already voices in the highest administrative and military circles are heard complaining that the alliance itself is an impediment to direct and speedy action. Consultations with allies over action in Southeast Asia are either nonexistent, or really disguised mandates (as in the case of the United States "informing" Japan that Japanese bases would be utilized in the departure of troops to Thailand). Political ambiguity is useful only up to the point that it can act as a preventative of war; beyond

San Francisco Chronicle

"It ain't getting any shallower"

that point, it is a monstrous threat to world peace.

That the United States has reached a point in which the juridical ambiguity of the situation is dangerous is illustrated by the potential commitment of United States Regular Army units to the conflict in Laos. In the Korean conflict, the United States could claim the legal mandate of a United Nations Assembly vote; in the Cuban invasion attempt, the United States could justifiably say that no United States troops were involved in the landing force; and, in the Berlin crisis of both 1948 and 1961, it could be said that the alleged rights of the West German Federal Republic, as well as the provisions of the four-power agreements of the Yalta Conference, were being violated by the Communists. But no such legal or political mandates exist in the Laos civil war. Nor could the U. S. expect any but token support from its allies in this venture. Thus, it would be a compounding of political folly to commit our military personnel to a war which the leading experts indicate cannot be totally won—but could be totally

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lost. Saber-rattling at this juncture can only puncture with a brutal finality the delicate balance of ambiguities built up since the conclusion of the Second World War.

THE NEED for some clarification of legitimate Executive powers, as well as of the historical rights of Congress in matters pertaining to the commencement and conduct of war, has never been more urgent. Until the present, Congressional leaders have been loath to exercise their powers in the area of foreign policy. First and foremost, this is because essentially they agree with the course of Executive foreign policy, and second, because they are in a profound sense prisoners to their own logic of anti-communism *ueber alles.*

None the less, in recent months the tide of resentment over the extension of political rule by administrative fiat has taken firm hold in the halls and in the cloakrooms of Congress. The reticence of Congress to act on Administration proposals in the area of education, public health, voting franchise, etc.—that is, in those areas where the conduct of foreign policy is not directly affected—has been quite pronounced. It would be erroneous to think that this is a symbol of Congressional "know-nothingism," as those who are drawing parallels with the early years of the Roosevelt administration would indicate. The legislators are thoroughly aware that the bureaucratic apparatus has not only grown quantitatively in recent years, but in quality as well. Expertise has become the model for the conduct of federal affairs—and it is precisely to this growth of Executive "know-everythingism" that the Congress has been reacting, and in my opinion, rightly so.

The idea that any impulse to settlement, to peace, must come from the legislative branch of government does not sit well with those who see Capitol Hill as a gathering place of political fossils of the McKinley variety. Yet, it is plain that such an effort at settlement will not be initiated by the President—not at any rate, until the symbolic extension of *vox populi,* the Congress, makes plain its distaste for military intervention through Administrative decree. That such a faith in the Congressional branch of government is not wishful thinking is reinforced by Louisiana Senator Allen Ellender's statement of May 18 to the effect that the commitment of American military personnel to areas that show no desire for political or economic independence would be folly.

SEVERAL conclusions can be tentatively stated: (a) The legislative branches of government are more aware than ever before of the declining rate of their power to administrate; (b) the steady rise in international tensions will, to the extent that it rests with Congressional leaders to do so, involve an extensive and across-the-board estimate of the meaning and content of Presidential authority in general; (c) members of Congress (and especially the House of Representatives) are indeed "closer to the public" than the Executive forces, and to the extent that the public sentiment becomes increasingly anti-war, to that same extent will Congress exercise greater independence and discretion in the conduct of American foreign affairs.

More than this cannot be said without moving into the realm of oracular metapolitics.

FITS OVER FITNESS . . *by George A. Silver*

THERE IS a wild and rather high-pitched call for more muscle as the prime need of Americans. Sandwiched between dire warnings of the Communist menace, democracy's difficulties in Africa and Asia and the need for protection against nuclear holocausts, are constant pleas for developing the American biceps. To this end, the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation has been set up as a department of the National Education Association; the American Medical Association has appointed a consultant body on physical fitness; there is the President's Council on Youth Fitness, which runs frequent advertisements in the daily press (complete with flags) with the help of the Advertising Council and the Newspaper Advertising Executives Association.

The advertisements urge parents to invade the next P.T.A. meeting to press for the adoption of vigorous school programs to improve physical development. Our children are weak and helpless, it is said; we are falling behind the Europeans, the Japanese, even the aboriginal Australians, in physical condition. Get off your backsides, spectators! Exercise! Get into active sports! Build up your body! Prepare yourself!

For what?

This cogent question is never answered. Implicit is the assumption that physical fitness (which we apparently lack) is a vital link in the defense of America. For want of it, Democracy will crumble and our lives will be shortened, sickly, depressed.

WHAT IS physical fitness? What is its relation to health? What is health? Is participation in athletics an aspect of physical fitness? Does one have to perform physical activity of a regular kind in order to be physically fit? Are athletes healthier than non-athletes? Are we really below par physically, as a nation?

The National Education Association reported that the physical condition of American youth is a "real cause for national alarm." The statement derives from a number of findings. For example, Hans Kraus, who invented the term "hypokinetic disease," gave European and American children a group of tests for

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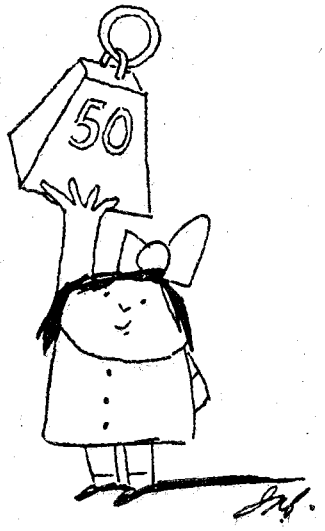
muscular fitness. Only about 10 per cent of the European kids failed to pass all these tests, whereas 100 per cent of American kids failed. In one test, fewer than 2 per cent of European children failed, while over 35 per cent of American children failed. (For the benefit of those seeking black marks against their public-school system, it should be pointed out that the American private-school children approximated the European school children in their performance.) In another instance, tests showed that arm strength for Japanese girls was 18-47 per cent greater than that of our girls.

To the viewers with alarm, this is incontrovertible evidence of muscular incompetence.

There are gloomy correlates. Jerry Morris, an English epidemiologist, has shown that heavy workers have a lower death rate than light workers, and that coronary disease is twice as frequent among sedentary as among active workers. Everyone knows how sedentary we are today. Some psychiatrically-oriented muscular apologists have concluded that the combination of neurosis and muscular deficiency produces painful tension symptoms like low-back pain, lumbago and even tension headaches. At West Point, Appleton showed that of the cadets discharged for psychiatric causes, an undue number had scored low in their entrance physical-aptitude tests.

And, of course, the gloomiest statistics of all are from Selective Service. Of 3.7 million men under twenty-six who were examined for the draft, 1.7 million were rejected as physically unfit for fighting.



Most often named as the causative element of declining physical efficiency of the American people is the "civilization" package: automobiles, television, progressive education. It is noteworthy that when Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall testified before a Congressional committee, defending our youth against attack as weaker than their soldier ancestors at Gettysburg or the Alamo, he was forced to admit that "We're a nation that has become flabby in the legs. The automobile has done this to us. As the legs grow weaker," he added ominously, "we lose a certain amount of our 'moxie.'"

THE power package that is supposed to put us back in the running as healthy muscular models for the world includes daily exercise and lots of competitive sports.

The emphasis on active sports has no real relevance. Men with very seriously impaired health have been known to be excellent athletes: I give you the number of diabetic tennis stars in the American Davis Cup Team as an example. And a study of Air Force cadets revealed that those who had recently been discharged from hospital for various upper-respiratory diseases did better in physical-fitness tests than enlisted men in good health who had not been in hospital. Jokl, another writer in this field, noted: "Few erroneous ideas are so deeply rooted among the public as that of physical training promoting health. Physical training is a procedure capable of improving efficiency, but incapable of improving health." The case of a champion sprinter who developed tuberculosis two months after winning the championship, and died less than a year later, is good evidence that ability to perform outstandingly in athletics is no indication of health.

A well-developed body does not mean health. An appalling number of psychoneurotic and psychotic individuals have sound bodies. One might ponder the mental health of some of the characters who decorate the books and magazines on muscular development, or some of those you see sunning themselves and developing their muscles on the various beaches and gymnasiums of the American scene.

Physical fitness does not provide immunity to disease. In epidemic times, the physically fit are stricken as often as those who aren't. (Physical fitness certainly does not seem to protect against venereal disease.) It is argued that children who are physically fit, and take regular gym exercise, show a better attendance record in school. I doubt if it means that they are healthier. It may simply mean that children who compete in school athletics may be a little more reluctant to absent themselves or to report sickness. In any case, the relevant statistics are contradictory. In some states where data are available, the incidents of illness among school athletes is exactly the same as among non-athletes.

LAST WINTER the papers reported the death of a fifty-year-old man after taking a swim in the icy waters of the Charles River in Boston. As a member of the local Polar Bears Club, he had been chopping into the ice and jumping into the water every year along with his fellows. Presumably, his fellows will now be discouraged from these activities, but I doubt it. Newspapers constantly report the coronaries that follow upon snow shoveling, tennis matches and quick games of touch football in which some of our older citizens seem to feel that it is necessary to engage in order to demonstrate their physical fitness. Health departments have taken to publishing warnings to the citizenry in winter *not* to shovel snow. (Hire those weak high school kids!)

And as a final note, before we go on to a consideration of what this all may mean, it should be pointed out that although a third or more of the young people who came up for Selective Service were rejected as physically unfit for military duty, this doesn't necessarily mean that they were physically unfit in the generally accepted sense. It means that they had visual defects, or defects of hearing, or hernias (and I am not sure that exercise is a modern treatment for hernia) or some defect due to poliomyelitis or congenital absence of a muscle, or

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shortness of a leg or arm — none of which is curable by exercise and none of which unsuits them for normal life.

IT IS difficult to take issue with the laudable objective of most of the physical-fitness proponents, but some sense needs to be put into their data. Peter Karpovich, one of the saner advocates of physical fitness and currently president of the American College of Sports Medicine, has written, "There are two main stumbling blocks to the definition of physical fitness: one, the relation of physical fitness to health; and the other, the consideration of what constitutes a physical-fitness test." Karpovich goes on to say that physical fitness is a "fitness to perform some specified task requiring muscular effort."

This definition gets us somewhere. Karpovich very sensibly notes, "The ideal goal is to be sufficiently fit to accomplish each day's work with a minimum of fatigue and to remain active to a good old age." If you need soldiers, then they should be able to crawl under barbed wire and climb mountains and do all the various things that soldiers have to do under difficult field conditions. Certainly a much greater degree of muscular competence is required of them than of the writer of this article, who needs a degree of muscular activity sufficient only to hold down the button on the dictating machine.

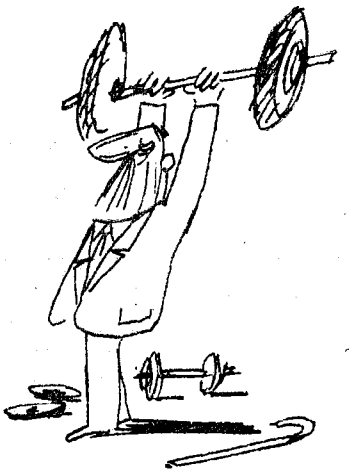
What do we learn from all this? I would say that a great deal of the energy that is being spent on physical-fitness programs is really designed to improve the condition of the experts and the specialists in the field rather than of the citizenry. I have no doubt that after an individual takes moderate exercise of one kind or another, he feels better and possibly sleeps better. This feeling of well-being should be encouraged. Given the fact that different individuals have a different inheritance of muscular ability and different degrees of muscular coordination, different kinds or amounts of exercise are desirable. There is no such thing as a physical-fitness program applicable to everyone. For many individuals, their normal daily activities may be quite adequate.

There is no evidence that without some type of organized athletic activity or physical-education program, people will be unhealthy or die young or be unprepared to carry on their life work satisfactorily. Equally, there is no evidence that a physical-fitness program will protect against illness or against sudden death. This kind of reckless propagandizing and pamphleteering should be discouraged.

A GREAT deal of scientific investigation remains to be done on the effect that muscular exercise — including athletics—has on the human body. Some of this is now being carried on, particularly in England, and *The Journal of Applied Physiology* makes information on the subject available. The best measures of physical fitness today relate to capacity to do work. Oxygen utilization as a measure of physiologic efficiency is widely accepted as significant, and there seems to be some evidence that short periods of training, with not too severe physical activity over a period of time, will improve the rate of oxygen consumption.

The British investigators tend to be critical of the classical tests of physical fitness because the training is not comparable to what is done in life. There is no relationship between various muscular tests used and the actual physical-fitness training programs. Furthermore, most of the statistics now in vogue have been derived without control groups, from small numbers, and under such conditions that the numbers themselves must be seriously questioned. Among the research programs that should be carried out are those that would help to define "training" and "exercise." Do these mean a season of athletics each year for every individual, and if so until what age? Do they mean playing tennis or handball or some comparable sport daily? Further research is needed to determine what is meant by *keeping* physically fit. How long do you have to take exercise, over what period of time, and what happens after you quit, in this business of staying fit?

I suspect that in addition to this research, there ought to be some exposure of the quacks in the field who



are milking Americans of huge sums of money for exercise courses, posture and exercise classes and devices supposed to improve muscular efficiency.

We might also debunk the theoretical substructure relating to the inactivity of the mass of Americans — these car-riding, television-viewing, inactive blobs of fat and jelly. It should be pointed out that more sports equipment is being sold today than ever before: there are more swimming pools, more basketball courts, more gymnasiums and swimming pools in the public schools, and more people participating in sports than ever before in our history. If anything, it is not cars and TV, but the social conditioning separating the rich from the poor, the minorities from the majority, that tends to hold down the number of sports participants.

If there is such a thing as physical fitness, it isn't related directly to muscular competence, but rather to the ability to carry on one's life work competently and with personal satisfaction. Sports should be engaged in for the pleasure they give — not as strenuous competitive efforts to "keep fit" — and with a judicious eye toward reducing the strenuousness as we grow older. Moderation, please! And paradoxically, perhaps the more sedentary one's occupation, the *less energetic* should be the exercise one takes. As the playgrounds and swimming pools are opened to all, including the slum children and the Negroes, the natural activity available may be all any of us need — except for an occasional Peace Walk or Freedom Ride.

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The Return of George Eliot

David Daiches

GEORGE SAINTSBURY, in his *Short History of English Literature* which first appeared in 1898 and was many times reprinted in the first thirty years of this century, dealt with George Eliot (or "Miss Evans," as he somewhat pedantically called her) in two paragraphs. He conceded that her early works — *Scenes from Clerical Life, Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner* — established her comfortably "among the second class of English novelists, those who have rather observed than created," and damned with faint praise her later novels, including *Middlemarch*, where he did not condemn them, as he did *Daniel Deronda* for its preposterous subject and outrageous style ("appalling semi-scientific jargon"). He dealt with her together with Kingsley (her "counterpart"), who received more space and warmer praise.

If Saintsbury's judgment astonishes us today, that is because in the last fifteen years George Eliot has been established as one of the very greatest of English novelists and *Middlemarch* in particular as one of the supreme classics of European fiction. In his influential study of the English novel, or at least of those few English novelists whom he considered as constituting "the great tradition," published in 1948, F. R. Leavis devoted his longest chapter to George Eliot, whose greatness he considered unquestionable and whose best work he saw as possessing "a Tolstoyan depth and reality." He devoted eighteen pages to *Middlemarch* and forty-five to *Daniel Deronda*. The same year saw the publication of an appreciative critical study of George Eliot by another Cambridge critic, Mrs. Joan Bennett. Leavis' judgment — that George Eliot was with Jane Austen, Henry James and Conrad, among the supreme masters of fiction in the English language — was so rapidly endorsed that within a very few years university students on both sides of the Atlantic were reading *Middlemarch* as a required text; college editions flowed from the presses; critical studies proliferated. Meanwhile, Gordon Haight was editing her letters, which appeared in seven volumes between 1954 and 1956. In 1958 appeared Barbara Hardy's book, *The Novels of George Eliot: A Study in Form*, and earlier this year we had W. J. Harvey's *The Art of George Eliot*.

Apart from Professor Haight's monumental edition of the *Letters*, most of the work done on George Eliot has been critical rather than scholarly; writers have been concerned to show how the novels are organized so as to deploy certain insights, how the novelist manages to make her works contain patterns of moral feeling that enrich and illuminate, how relevantly she searches the human condition. The very element in her novels that disturbed Saintsbury — her use of knowledge and of ideas — has had most appeal for modern readers. Before George Eliot the English novel had been for the most part a kind of glorified journalism, its main function to entertain, its main audience not the most highly educated elements in the population. Previously, too, the novel had been concerned with people away from the ordinary rhythms of life and work. Even Chaucer's pilgrims are seen only on holiday; the picaresque novelists of the eighteenth century galloped their characters about the countryside without letting us really see them at their daily work; Jane Austen's principal characters are ladies and gentlemen of leisure; Dickens' characters, when they are shown at work, are shown perched on ridiculous stools in grotesque offices engaged in fantastic employments or in some other way only symbolically working. But George Eliot knew what a doctor's life and studies were really like; she understood the problems of the banker and the landlord; she was aware of the difficulties of the scholar who wanted to make a name for himself by originality as well as she knew the daily routine of the farmer and the auctioneer. And she brought all this knowledge into her best novels with a deep sense of what a society at work was really like, and what problems for human character were involved in the structure of society. Further, George Eliot was the first novelist to be in the vanguard of the thought of her day. Long before she became a novelist she had been involved in the "modernist" thought of her time. And she was both a rationalist and a moralist. It is significant that in his *Nineteenth Century Studies*, published in 1949, Basil Willey had a chapter entitled, "George Eliot: Hennell, Strauss and Feuerbach."

WHAT all this adds up to is that George Eliot was the first English novelist consciously to bring all the resources of a well-stocked mind, and a large part of the knowledge available to the best minds of her generation, to the writing of works of fiction. This does not in itself mean that she was necessarily a great novelist. The point is that she did manage to put her ideas and her knowledge at the service of her fiction, she was able to let them enter the fabric of her imagination to reappear in novels which explored, in a way both delicate and profound, many of the moral problems which are still endemic in our society. Modern criticism likes to see the novelist as above all a moral explorer, and it is this aspect of George Eliot which has led modern readers to rediscover her as a great writer. It is the finding of an appropriate fictional form to give imaginative embodiment to significant moral insights that we demand of our novelists. That is why we admire James, and that is how (very properly) we reinterpret Jane Austen to make of her not merely an accomplished novelist of manners but a novelist whose patterns are essentially moral and whose irony is put at the service of moral insights. We are no longer interested in fictional form and structure as such; we are interested in how form and structure can be made

J. F. Bennett. *George Eliot*. Cambridge University Press. $3.50.
Gordon S. Haight, ed. *The Letters of George Eliot*. Yale University Press. Vols. 1-3, $20; vols. 4-7, $25.
Barbara Hardy. *The Novels of George Eliot: A Study in Form*. Oxford University Press. $4.

W. J. Harvey. *The Art of George Eliot*. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

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to contain kinds of awareness. Further, we look to the novel to set problems of personal morality in a social context. George Eliot, whose characteristic themes involve problems of vocation and self-knowledge in a context of society at work, is thus a very modern novelist: she appeals, more than any other Victorian novelist, to our needs and our interests.

FURTHER, George Eliot had a delicate insight into sexual relationships which has enabled readers brought up on Freud to read her with increased admiration. In giving an account of the marriage of Dorothea to Casaubon in *Middlemarch,* how subtly and perceptively she handles the theme of the sublimation of the instinct of a passionate but sexually ignorant and unawakened girl; in making the sun-god figure of Will Ladislaw first stir in Dorothea some realization of what a sexual relationship might be (in Italy, among Renaissance paintings!) how effectively she makes a profound psychological point. Or consider the symbolic relationship between impotence and dead scholarship in her portrayal of Casaubon. And then there is George Eliot's beautiful handling of moral ambiguities. Not content, as so many nineteenth-century novelists were, with black-and-white portraits, she manages to arouse understanding and sympathy even for her villains. The way in which she modulates the reader's feelings towards Casaubon (following those of characters in the novel and in the end Dorothea's) from repulsion to hatred to compassion is positively Shakespearean. The exposure of Bulstrode is expected to provide a kind of moral triumph but, unexpectedly, provides understanding and pity (how unlike Dickens' portrayal of *his* hypocrite in Pecksniff). Or again, in *Daniel Deronda,* flawed novel though it is, how magnificently the moral investigation of Gwendolyn Harleth's character and predicament is carried on, with what concern not simply for moral realities but for moral shades and complexities and temptations, and always with an awareness of the pressures of society continuously at work, directly and indirectly, at every point.

The sense, too, of intersecting circles of interest increases the impression of social reality in George Eliot's novels; in *Middlemarch* (subtitled *A Study of Provincial Life*) we see town and country, rich and poor, professional man, businessman, landed gentleman and clergy all involved in spite of themselves in activities that interpenetrate. This is a real, a viable, world. Yet it is not static. The approach of parliamentary reform, and the reactions of a provincial society to new ideas from the outside, play an important part in the total pattern of motivation and action. But most of all—to stick still to *Middlemarch*—the modern reader is overcome with admiration for the combination of clear moral awareness, profound psychological knowledge, and deep but unsentimental compassion in the portrayal of the marriage of Lydgate and Rosamond.

It is true that George Eliot was greatly admired in her own lifetime, and that the new estimate of her is a return to the old estimate after a reaction that lasted from soon after her death until the third or even the fourth decade of this century. Yet it is also true that in a sense George Eliot, like Gerard Manley Hopkins, was a twentieth-century writer working in the nineteenth century and that she had to wait for our own time for full recognition. For her contemporary face as a sage did not do justice to her real genius; it was not her wisdom so much as her ability to project it imaginatively in fiction that matters most. Saintsbury granted her knowledge but denied her imagination. He was wrong, as thousands of modern readers of George Eliot can testify. She had precisely the kind of imagination that we expect of a great novelist, the kind that can invent characters and pattern incidents in such a way that as we read and reread we are led to explore the basic moral issues involved in being individuals, in belonging to a human society, in having to work and in needing to know.

Tom Sawyer in the Brothel

THE REIVERS. By William Faulkner. Random House. 305 pp. $4.95.

Terry Southern

FOR THOSE who enjoyed the fantastic *mélange* of Mack Sennett-André Breton high jinks in *As I Lay Dying* — with its runaway coffin chase, auger-bits slipping into mother's head, obese doctor hauled up and down the mountain side on a rope, and a fish "as big as a hog" (which Vardaman dressed out with an ax)—Faulkner's new novel, *The Reivers,* will be especially anticipated: it is described by the publishers as "with no reservations whatsoever, one of the funniest books in our literature."

Subtitled "A Reminiscence," it purports to be an anecdote told by Lucius Priest to his young son, recounting a sequence of events which occurred in 1905 when the narrator was eleven years old — and, in so doing, it frequently reverts to the point of view and manner of expression of the child he was at the time. The catalyst of the plot is a Winton Flyer, one of the first automobiles in Jefferson, owned by the narrator's grandfather. The only person who can operate the vehicle is an enterprising and adventurous young man named Boon Hoggenbeck, a person of comparatively obscure genealogy, by Jefferson standards (part Indian), who has become a sort of adopted ward of the Priest-McCaslin families, and chauffeurs them about their occasional outings. For the most part, however, the car remains locked in a shed, and the story does not really get under way until the adults of the family have to attend a funeral in Bay Saint Louis, leaving behind the children — including Lucius, the narrator. Boon, with Lucius at his side, drives the mourners to the train; then, instead of returning the Winton to the shed, he and Lucius, after a good deal of subliminal hemming and hawing, set out for Memphis, eighty miles away.

THE first untoward event is their discovery of Ned — loyal, wise, Negro servant with a streak of innocent mischief and an infectious laugh — who has stowed away under a tarpaulin in the back seat. " 'I wants a trip too,' Ned said. 'Hee hee hee.' " When they reach Memphis, twenty-four hours after departure, Boon drives straight to Catalpa Street, the main artery of the red-light district, where, it soon develops, he has certain connections. Arranging to meet at eight the next morning to start back to Jefferson, Ned goes his separate way, and Boon takes young Lucius into "Miss Reba's." Here we meet Miss Reba (the madam), Mr. Binford (the monger) and several of Miss Reba's stable, including a particularly prized one named Corrie. Also on the scene are Minnie, the gold-toothed colored maid, and Otis, the wizened and demented foster nephew of Corrie.

This establishment is presumably the same one that figures in *Sanctuary,*

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though the resemblance does not extend much beyond the name. Miss Reba and the girls judiciously limit their concern for eleven-year-old Lucius to motherly affection, though he more or less falls in love with Corrie.

During the night Ned unexpectedly turns up, at the back of the darkened house, leading a horse — which he has acquired in trade for the automobile. "Good Godalmighty," says Boon, that upset, but then he and Lucius display considerable patience in listening to Ned's explanation. With his uncanny, animal-like instinct in such matters, he has recognized the horse to be of exceptional racing promise, with gifts similar to those of a famous "runnin' mule" he had back in Jefferson. His plan is to race the horse and win enough money to repurchase the automobile. Miss Reba and the girls get into the madcap spirit of the thing, and the whole troupe sets out for the nearby town of Parsham, home of a fast local stallion — who has, in fact, already beaten their own horse on three previous occasions, making him (and his new owners) very much the underdogs in the situation. Ned, however, has the secret of how to make this horse run as he's never run before; namely, by giving him a taste of spoiled sardines, and then standing at the end of the track so that he will rush down the course for more — with a speed, needless to say, that surpasseth understanding. During the build-up to this grand finale, there occur a number of peripheral events worth noting: principally, the theft of Minnie's gold tooth, the fight between Lucius and fifteen-year-old Otis, who is armed with a knife, over the honor of Corrie — and finally the arrival of old Grandfather Priest himself, just in the nick of time to witness the climactic last heat, with Lucius, of course (and despite the knife wound in his hand) in the saddle. It should be added that things have been complicated, earlier on, by the fact that the horse Ned has acquired is a stolen horse, and the principals are harassed throughout by a large villainous sheriff named Butch.

ON THE SURFACE these would seem to be rather lively happenings, with a potential for some wild, adult, humor. As the book progresses, however, what becomes increasingly mystifying, irritating and, all too soon, downright intolerable, is the relentless, childlike heavy-handedness with which everything is treated and the plain ingratiating silliness of the narration. As early as page 14, when the narrator says: ". . . another deputy was holding him about twenty feet away and still in the frozen attitude of running or frozen in the attitude of running or in the attitude of frozen running, whichever is right . . ." one may be slightly put off; but by about the eighth time that wise old Ned counsels young Lucius, with that kind of anthropomorphic sentimentality so cloying that the page itself seems to exude a material stickiness ("All you got to do is remember what that horse *taught you* yesterday about riding him"), it is apparent that there is more rotten here than sardines.

The dedication of *The Reivers* is to "Victoria, Mark, Paul, William and Burks," and as one reads on in this curious book, the faces of these five persons gradually emerge — and, lo and behold, they are all *children* — for what Mr. Faulkner has done here is to write "a book for Young People" in the manner of children's classics of the past. What is infuriating, and what will certainly mislead most readers into thinking the great man has fallen into some kind of impossible senility, is that there is absolutely no indication of this fact on the jacket of the book. Yet that is precisely ("and with no reservations whatsoever") what it is; it is addressed to children, about children, from a child's point of view. And it is in the classic pattern: the runaway innocent, trouble, remorse, parental anxiety, happy ending. Lucius is Tom, being led astray by Boon, as Huck; and Ned is Jim, in a (significantly) expanded role. Ned doles out the didactic aphorisms: On blue laws — "It means they *blewed* in all the money Saturday night and aint none of them got enough left now to make it worth burning the coal oil." On women — "Hittin' a woman dont hurt her because a woman dont shove back at a lick like a man do." On race — "If you could just be a nigger one Saturday night, you wouldn't never want to be a white man again as long as you live." On life — "The trouble with Christmas is the first of January." And so on.

THE narrator, when not engaged in a turgid method-acting style of recapturing the agonies of adolescence, takes a hand at adage himself — adage of so simple and quasi-humorous intent that it leaves little doubt as to what age group he could be addressing, as for example: "I dont mean a 1905 Republican . . . I mean a 1961 Republican. He was more: he was a Conservative. Like this: a Republican is a man who has made his money; a Liberal is a man who has inherited his; a Democrat is a barefooted Liberal in a cross-country race; a Conservative is a Republican who has learned to read and write."

That's when he's being the father; at other times he talks like this: "I said, and I believed it (I know I believed it because I have said it a thousand times since and I still believe it and I hope to say it a thousand times more in my life and I defy anyone to say I will not believe it) *I will never lie again.*" And: "*Don't You realize I aint but eleven years old? How do You expect me to do all this at just eleven years old? Don't You see You are putting on me more than I can handle?*" In further addressing the Young Person, the narrator frequently resorts to such interjections as: ". . . 'going steady,' I believe you call it nowadays," and "The place had begun to wake up — 'jumping,' as you say nowadays."

Everything is black and white in this novel, and in more ways than just Dixie.

Inn Revisited

In the thin-lipped March matin
through the pane I had heat from spurious summer:
the geese yelled from yellow beaks and stepped
on splayed webs their soiled satin.

Up they rocked—(goose by one—)
like July, from the pond; all seven.
The black girl shook the sheets with languor
from a surfeit of sun.

In hot green moved the seven
and the girl moved in tigerish light—
though raw trees were shaken and iron
had covered all heaven.

Now a white neat face
bends over the white sheets that palely tauten,
hasty as winter work, though the print says July.
And the geese are no place.

Josephine Jacobsen

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The side-line characters — Miss Reba, Minnie, Mr. Binford and Sam (a friendly railroad man) are almost undiluted Dickens in their sweetness; and the villains—Butch and Otis — are straight out of *Tom Swift*, just plain *bad*. The chapters end in cliff-hangers, and the denouement of the story, with the arrival of god himself in the person of old Grandfather "Boss" Priest (stern but just), is classic.

Now the question arises, can even Mr. Faulkner get away with a children's book, a large section of which is set in a whore house, and where, though nothing "happens," phrases like "Goddam it" and "son of a bitch" get a brisk workout? The publishers obviously do not think so. The fact is that when it comes to large first printings, publishers are inclined to regard the American public en masse as children; it is this kind of naive cynicism, however, which has led to a stagnation in American book publishing similar to that which finally overwhelmed the Hollywood movie industry, but which in turn gave rise to the great wave of "independent productions" and revitalized the American film. And, in a striking parallel, it has forced into being such vigorous young publishing houses as Grove Press, whose success with straightforward adult issues has been phenomenal. Today's young people are considerably more demanding in their real reading habits and more advanced in their private speech patterns than persons who are out of touch would care to admit. If they are going to read, as they certainly do, books like *Peyton Place*, why not books which are actually written for them, with more meaningful contemporary values, and by an artist instead of a hack. This is precisely what Mr. Faulkner has done in *The Reivers*, and trying to keep it off the juvenile shelf shows about as much foresight as trying to keep feathers off a chicken. *Naturally* it is not going to be another *Penrod and Sam*, or anything else irrelevant; when Faulkner writes a book, whether for children or adults, it is almost bound to be distinctive in certain basic respects — as in this one where the whores are good and the sheriffs bad. *The Reivers*, in short, is a book which will prove both informative and entertaining to the readership for which it was intended. Trying to fob it off as a "regular Faulkner novel," or indeed, as adult fare generally, is a very shabby business, and in serious disservice to one of the world's most respected authors.

What John Dewey Taught

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE SCHOOL: Progressivism in American Education, 1876-1957. By Lawrence A. Cremin. Alfred A. Knopf. 387 pp. $5.50.

Ivor Kraft

PROFESSOR CREMIN'S volume is a major effort to order a ponderous mass of data concerning one of the greatest controversies and transitional epochs in the history of education. At those junctures when the debate raged at its fiercest, the accusations and counter-accusations concerning progressive education involved many of the leading statesmen, scientists and philosophers of America.

On the whole this is a strong, scholarly, tautly composed study, worthy of considerable attention. The author, unlike some of his colleagues, is no antiquarian and gentle wanderer among pedagogical museums; his grasp of the social, scientific and political realities which impinge on all aspects of schooling and child-rearing is competent and sophisticated.

Yet, while one gladly acknowledges Cremin's fine achievement in assembling and ordering the data, *The Transformation of the School* cannot be considered the definitive history of progressive education. Cremin falters where it is most vital that he be firm. He offers several reasons for the failure of the progressive movement: schism in the ranks, negativism, inordinate demands on the teacher, too much success, professionalism. None of these, however, is thoroughly satisfactory, and he does not give a bold and convincing version of the one major explanation that holds water.

To explain why progressive education is in eclipse we must turn inevitably to the teachings of that arch symbol of the new education, John Dewey.

As Cremin points out, seldom have the varieties of distortion and vulgarization been so compactly assembled around one target as they have been around the teachings of John Dewey. Surrounding the enduring corpus of his writings, like stern and vigilant guardians, stand equally enduring monuments of malignity and malediction. At the core of Dewey's philosophy was a profound conservatism and relentless anti-fadism. This was totally ignored by his hasty and often narrow-minded readers. What Dewey wanted to conserve was a cluster of human values and potentialities which he prized most highly, which he conceived as embodying the wisdom and destiny of the human species despite the painful centuries of partial deviation from this wisdom, which he further interpreted in terms of the democratic, secular and pragmatic ideals of nineteenth-century American humanism, and which — most important of all — he saw to be desperately threatened by certain massive and undisciplined social forces that accompanied post-frontier American society. What he feared was not that life would stand still, or that it would remain changeless, but that it would be devastated and fragmented by meaningless, automatic vocations, by deeper class divisions, by overwhelming patterns of conformity, by formal, pseudo-intellectual learning that would be perhaps efficient in a mass industrial society, but would also make a mockery of the mind as well as the soul of man. All of this Dewey saw — sometimes dimly, sometimes clearly — a half cen-

IVOR KRAFT is director of The Children's Guild Training Project, Baltimore, Md.

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tury before the organization man and the lonely crowd.

Certainly Dewey and the progressives never questioned the inevitability of scientific and technological advance. But the tough-minded and genuine disciples of progressive education were concerned about human as well as technological "growth," of the individual as well as the collective. They came to the same conclusion that most patient philosophers, poets and educators have been arriving at since the days of Plato: thinking cannot be divorced from feeling; the welfare of the individual cannot be preserved independent of the welfare of the group; and the ultimate meaning of man's existence on earth is the endless movement toward richer and more complex levels of knowledge concerning the two worlds, that of nature and that within man. This understanding was succinctly and effectively conveyed in that famous slogan: education is growth, and growth is subordinate to no end beyond itself.

The extreme anti-progressives have again come to see growth as that mechanical and pedantic intellectualism which was the wooden ideal at the time of Dewey's youth. Architects (who doubtlessly consider themselves "progressive") are urged to design windowless schools so that brain efficiency is not interfered with by the flight of butterflies. No genuine progressive educator would put up with such nonsense.

The progressive education of the *Social Frontier* group went into eclipse because no group of intellectuals and no pedagogical reform movement could withstand that powerful coalition of political, industrial, business and military forces which came to dominate overwhelmingly the ideological climate of this nation, and which succeeded so effectively in controlling its organs of mass communication, its governmental agencies and its public morality. Dewey and the progressives never saw progressive education or any education as a panacea. They saw it as one among several decisive means toward the end of making nobler breeds of men. They were right. They were also overwhelmed by the flow of brutal events.

Cremin does address himself to the above point, but not sufficiently. He remarks in the closing paragraph of his study that the authentic progressive vision remains "strangely pertinent to the problems of mid-century America." Not "strangely" by any means. Rather, eloquently and urgently pertinent, since no other vision will do if man is to survive these somber and threatening times.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

MUSICAL organizations that fail to play contemporary music are sometimes charged with turning the concert hall into a museum. To anyone familiar with both concert halls and museums, however, the comparison seems inappropriate and even rather flattering—especially to the major American orchestras. For no museum could long survive the determined avoidance of recent works (even a historically oriented museum like the Metropolitan finds it necessary to maintain a steady pace not more than one generation behind the times) or the acquisition and exhibit of works utterly devoid of interest and relevance to anything of real concern to contemporary artists. The recent statistical increase in performances of "new" music, which has been loudly acclaimed by both American orchestra societies and well-meaning propagandists, is, in this light, largely insignificant: there is nothing contemporary about nineteenth-century music that happens to have been composed last year, or about non-music that is composed at any date.

The result is that the educated and intellectually interested public, which has not been shielded from encounters with bold imaginativeness in literature or painting, has lost interest in music because of the trivia with which it is perpetually confronted on concert programs. One wonders, indeed, what function our orchestras suppose they are filling at all; given the deficit operation of even the most successful orchestra, it seems incomprehensible that managements can remain indifferent to the nature or reasons for attendance of their audiences, so long as the hall is always filled. For if capacity houses are sufficient justification for the existence of these organizations, then the entire pretense of serious-music programing is a policy far inferior to the presentation of better box-office attractions like musical comedy or jazz.

While the current orchestral situation naturally distresses composers, it has simply caused them to cultivate other outlets, and has not resulted in any serious curtailment of compositional activity. The real threat is not to composers but to the orchestras themselves. Even the most conservative conductor regards his repertory as a portion, however restricted, of a living literature, and his performances as artistic experiences rather than as historical research. If the extension of that literature is progressively curtailed, the result will be the effective destruction of the orchestra as more than a marginal participant in musical life.

Perhaps the most serious symptom of orchestral decline is the lag in instrumental technique that is already plainly observable. Since the war, there has grown up a considerable body of musicians outside the orchestras who have learned to perform "classical" twentieth-century works as a matter of course, and who continue to work closely with composers in extending the resources of instruments. Groups such as the Juilliard Quartet, Lenox Quartet, New York Woodwind Quintet, Dorian Wind Quintet, in New York, and the ensembles of the Monday Evening Concerts in Los Angeles, as well as such individuals as the pianists Charles Rosen, Paul Jacobs and Robert Helps, and the string players Matthew Raimondi and Walter Trampler, have developed genuinely contemporary performance techniques that are decades beyond those possessed by almost any first-desk orchestral player. As a result, composers are encouraged to write music that makes increasingly sophisticated technical demands upon performers, thus moving still further away from the capabilities of orchestras.

A STRIKING instance of the lag between orchestral musicians and adventurous individual players was the performance this season by the New York Philharmonic of Leo Smit's Capriccio for String Orchestra, a piece that makes quite ordinary technical demands, but which was none the less painfully slaughtered by the orchestra. In addition, the lack of challenge implicit in the performance of only familiar traditional works and facile contemporary music produces a laxness of discipline and interest in the orchestral personnel, with the result that their performance of all music suffers materially. On the other hand, the salvation still possible, given a conductor of superior intelligence and awareness, was demonstrated during the visits of Hans Rosbaud to this country. Under his direction, both the

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Philharmonic and the Chicago Orchestra played Schönberg, Stravinsky and Webern as though they had been doing nothing else all their lives; as a result, they played Haydn, Mozart and Schumann with the intensity and freshness of discovery.

But under prevailing circumstances, it is highly discouraging for a composer to contemplate writing for orchestra: not only must he drastically simplify his technique to make it even conceivable for our orchestras to attempt his work (especially given the vicious practice of a maximum of three hours of rehearsal for each performance), but he must expect that, in all likelihood, the work will be so miserably performed as to constitute a serious misrepresentation of what he has actually composed. He is further discouraged from undertaking the difficult task of composing an orchestral work by the reflection that, if music by the acknowledged masters of twentieth-century music is ignored by our orchestras, if a major work like the *Movements* for piano and orchestra by Stravinsky can remain unperformed by a single regular American orchestra, his chances for consideration are slight.

IN NEW YORK, however, matters are supposed to be different since Leonard Bernstein assumed the musical direction of the Philharmonic in 1958. Even those who have criticized Bernstein severely for his taste, his absenteeism and the quality of his performances generally concede that he has provided good representation of twentieth-century music. Since this is statistically true (though less true with each successive season), the quality of his contemporary programing is never questioned. Considering the withering criticism of Dimitri Mitropolous for his presumed failure to program important works from the standard literature, one can imagine the furor that would have been raised had he flatly refused to play Mozart out of personal antipathy, and completely restricted his Classic and Romantic programing to the first two symphonies of Beethoven and assorted bonbons by Hummel, Saint-Saens, Meyerbeer and Raff. But none of these same critics is moved to complain that Bernstein's Philharmonic programs have not included a single Schönberg work, whereas during the same interval we have been treated to a number of twentieth-century analogues of *The Flight of the Bumblebee.* Since among Bernstein's music-appreciation gimmicks during this span have been one series entitled "Keys to the Twentieth Century," and another entitled "The Search for New Techniques," we are presumably to take it as the judgment of this most influential arbiter of musical taste that the Five Pieces for Orchestra (performed, however, by Rosbaud on his concerts), the Orchestral Variations, the Violin Concerto, the Piano Concerto and the *Begleitmusik*, all works of undisputed mastery and enormous influence, do not count as "Keys to the Twentieth Century"; and that the inventor of the twelve-tone technique never participated in an important "Search for New Techniques." Perhaps Bernstein's personal antipathy for Schönberg justifies this exclusion. But then how is one to explain the case of Webern, who is today perhaps a "key" to even more than is Schönberg, and whom Bernstein publicly admires? The Philharmonic under Bernstein has offered only the Orchestral Pieces, op. 6 (a work which is, for Webern, nearly a war horse, and which was also conducted by Rosbaud), and has not performed the far more important Orchestral Pieces, op. 10, the Symphony, op. 21 or the Orchestral Variations, op. 30.

Even more shocking, considering Bernstein's frequent and lavish expression of admiration for Stravinsky, is the fact that no important Stravinsky work of the last thirty years has appeared on his programs. This period embraces not only recent works in what may be a forbidding idiom for Bernstein—masterpieces like the Movements, Threni, Agon and Canticum Sacrum—but also such neo-classic works such as *Orpheus,* The Ode, the Symphony in Three Movements, the Symphony in C, *Apollo* and *Jeu de Cartes.* His "Festival of Theatre Music" included an opera by Lukas Foss and Bernstein's own music

Another Plain Poem

imagine a star is
your skin.
you are a star a galaxy
of happenings
all the animals & birds
& so on, with whom you are
conversing in syllables
of light & rain & dreams
you put yourself wherever you want
and are.
now imagine your skin is a man.
now imagine you daily use hoes
and rakes
in a garden the garden of man
so imagine you dont
cut this flower
earth.

Barbara Moraff

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for the film *On the Waterfront*, but no Stravinsky, nor either of the major symphonic suites extracted by Berg from his *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*. Bernstein's program of music from the ballet also, incredibly, excluded Stravinsky, without whom twentieth-century ballet would hardly exist. In the year of Stravinsky's eightieth birthday he has been represented on Bernstein's programs by *Le Sacre du Printemps* and, on the very last program of the season, by the Greeting Prelude (a one-minute arrangement of Happy Birthday), Fireworks (a post-student piece lasting about three minutes) and the 1929 *Capriccio* for piano and orchestra.

MUCH of our resentment of the European assumption that America is a hopelessly naive musical country seems fruitless when our most important orchestra provides such overwhelmingly damning evidence. The most crucial responsibility of an American orchestra, as I have indicated, is its representation of the important manifestations of American orchestral composition. But very little that has appeared on the Philharmonic programs would indicate to an interested observer, American or European, that there was any American music deserving of attention. Indeed, the consistency of all our orchestras in this regard makes it almost impossible to know whether much worth-while American music in fact exists. I do not expect a man as active as Mr. Bernstein actually to seek out and read unpublished scores, but surely there are those who could have called his attention to composers who have been more responsible for the recent vitality of American music than Paul Creston, Samuel Barber, Ned Rorem or Randall Thompson. Except for his violin concerto (prefaced by Bernstein with the remark that it was "an example of difficult music written here in the thirties"), none of Roger Sessions' major orchestral works, which include four symphonies and a piano concerto, have been played, nor have the Orchestral Variations or any other music by Elliott Carter. Nor any works by Krenek, Kirchner, Schuller or Wolpe, to name only an obvious few.

His performances of Copland and Foss have indeed been welcome, and those of Harris, Piston and Schumann are understandable, given his personal predilections. Since Mr. Bernstein is a self-declared promulgator of "tendencies," however, this representation is oddly one-sided, and I find it strange also that only the "tendencies" with which he is known to be particularly in sympathy are represented by anything like first-rate examples; the rest have been chosen with such little regard for relative importance within the style they are supposed to represent that one wonders why the effort was made at all.

Announcements of the Philharmonic's move to Lincoln Center next year have been cast in language that conveys the impression of great new things to come; one has, however, become accustomed to this new regime where all significant energy goes into the announcement of a project whose execution itself is then only an obligatory routine. So the news that the move would be celebrated by a series of commissions aroused an indifference which was reinforced by the list itself when it appeared. It may please some to find only comfortable, familiar names on the list; the rest of us will prefer to go where there is at least the chance of a bright surprise.

There she goes!

high-
heeled in her crisp dress
her tan as luminous
and smooth as a brass plate;
fish
common in all the rivers,
she can completely change, greet
us in another costume in a flash,
mask
her image. Beautiful
harbinger of a clean day, she walks
the ruler, store-
bought in her purity; more cool
strange
inviolate
than the rest.

Carolyn Stoloff

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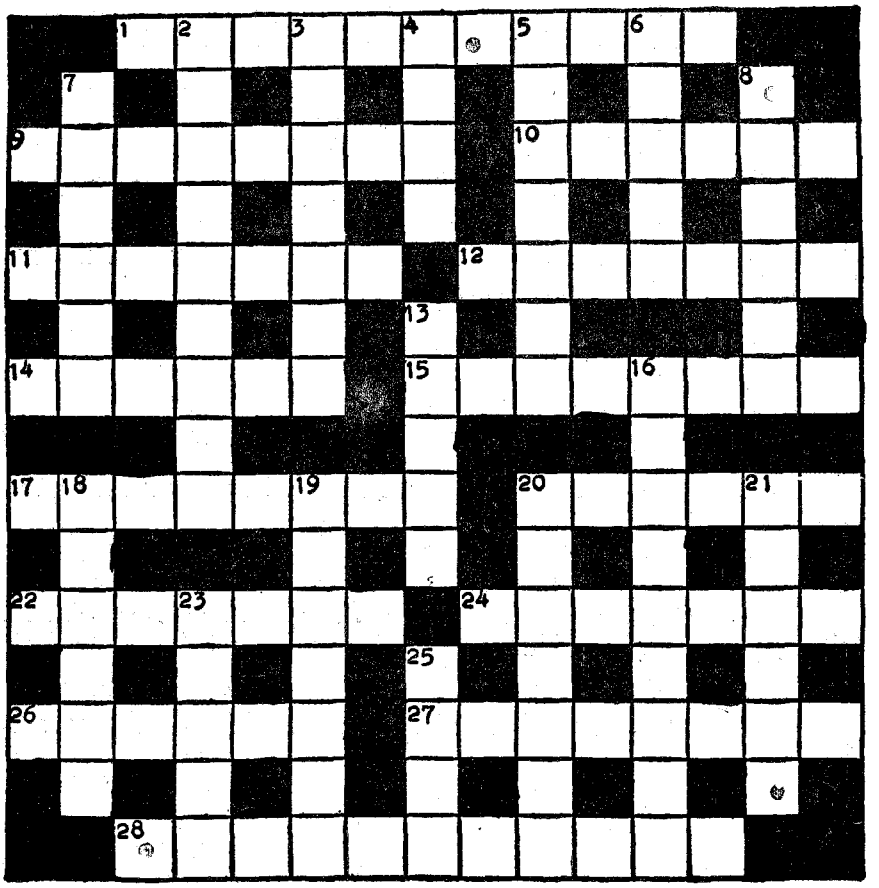
Crossword Puzzle No. 966

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This arrangement is against no other convenient arangement for a Don Juan. (11)
9 A bad press in a false god still produces hereditary rank. (8)
10 Adept at contraction, but producing something sour. (6)
11 Was it whiskey one of these was full of in the nursery? (6)
12 See 13 down
14 Evil Richard, by the sound of it, was a university official. (6)
15 More often nowadays a strike disposes of one more. (8)
17 Such copies I'd really consider incidental. (8)
20 An animal devoured what turns out to be the cloth. (6)
22 Trample one so chivalrous? Never! (7)
24 Ground marked by design, as hedges might be. (7)
26 Newsworthy place as a den to return to? (6)
27 Going out, perhaps. (8)
28 Going, going, gone, for example. (To the bad spirit place?) (11)

DOWN:

2 Accumulate beverages if you would fortify us. (9)
3 Rather silly part of the unconscious I associate with the auricular. (7)
4 River line. (4)
5 A drinking habit? (7)
6 Gray wrote of its dark unfathomed caves. (5)
7 Reproduce one article inside, but not without a certain amount of overhead. (6)
8 Delicately pretty opera? (6)
13, 12 across and 19 down Is such an affair rather like 15 when prolonged? (5-4, 3, 4-3)
16 Fairy-like quality of architecture? (9)
18 Put in the van? (6)
19 See 13 down
20 Unable to follow the grain, but able to dance for a spell. (7)
21 Purpose of something bitter, as they say? (3, 3)
23 Give the president a part of the ball, perhaps. (5)
25 Many a modern movie might be extremely 17. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 965

ACROSS: 1 Ventriloquist; 8 Cockleshells; 10 Unsinkable; 11 Anti; 13 Chin up; 14 Inchmeal; 16 Evanston; 17 Bamboo; 19 Need; 20 Foreshadow; 22 Good standing; 23 Payable at sight. DOWN: 1 Vacuum cleaners; 2 Necessitates; 3 Relinquish; 4 Lysias; 5 Quelling; 6 Ills; 7 The Isle of Wight; 9 Underbidding; 12 Thrashings; 15 Conoidal; 18 Bertha; 21 Bola.

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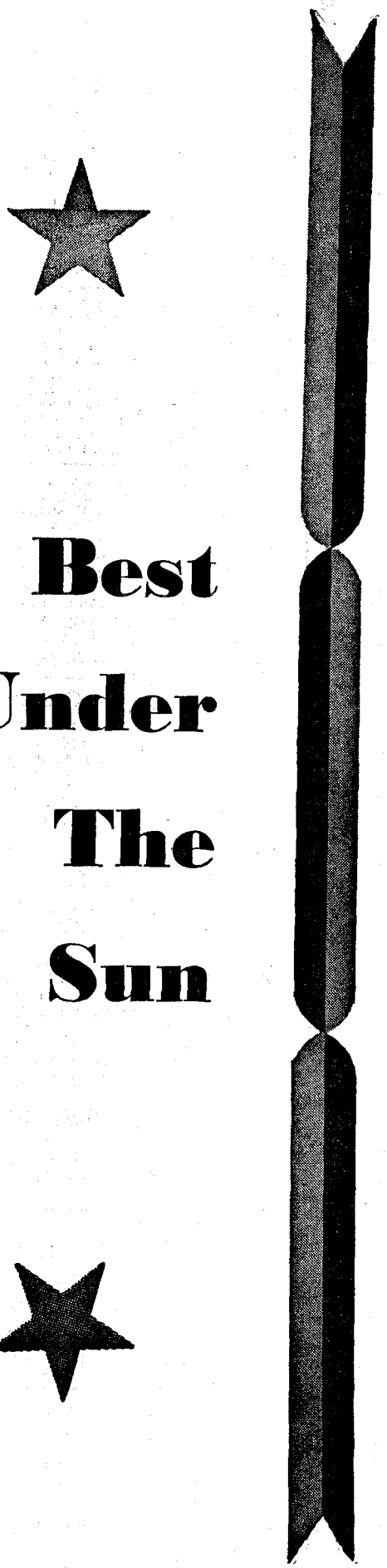

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